

Eyes of the Dark

The burqa-clad women had hardness in their eyes as they stood in the corridor of the rundown mosque complex. They breathed in the stories the corridor held. The scent of the past was enigmatic and it enthralled them. It was queer, how the scent held in it, the sweet fragrance of victories as well as the pungent odour of bloody battles. The wires of the surveillance camera did little to rob them from feeling like they did indeed set foot in another era. Never before did they see something so grandeur yet so bleak. The body of the mosque bore the scars of turbulent weather and colossal wars. It also wore the tattoos of the frivolity of human behaviour- the marks left by tourists, so mindless of the damage they are inflicting on a rich remnant of the past while they are marking their initials on its walls. Why stupidly feel the need to mark your territory there, while it was on the path of destruction? The remnant, along with its stories will become crumbling dust- what's the point of trying to wade your way into its story now?

But, the battered structure was not bereft of beauty. The frontage was crowded with remarkable carvings, which seemed to be dancing all around the complex, a delight to the eye, as they were blissfully unaware of their ebbing life, and the lack of endeavours towards preserving their life. The keen eye of the woman in white could visualize the skilled hands of the craftsmen, as they were moulding the façade with beauteous creatures, that possessed the graceful curves of the Persian alphabet and the elegant agility of dancers. Every word, every flower, every single being on the walls of the mosque, had life in them.

The hardness in the eyes of the burqa-clad women was unyielding, while they stood in the corridor of the rundown mosque complex. The lives were at stake. All their lives were at stake. Only the women, however, were aware of it. They resigned to it, unflinching.